#### Handsome Gold Badges For January Prizes

new Bijon last Wednesday afternoon by the presence of the Governor, the Mayor, Mr. Polk Miller, the editors and the childien was, I am sure you feel, a great success, one which makes all realize what the club has grown to me and what its prospects are for the new year just

Looking back over the club work, especially that of the past few months, its excellence has so appealed to the club directors that they have determined to offer, for the month of January, two gold medals, handsomely embossed and the girl belonging to the club, who shall send in, during the month, the best piece of work in any department of the Children's Page, whether it be a story, a drawing, or a puzzle, it matters not, so ic possesses the highest quality of ex-

These medals will be given out irrespective of the usual weekly prizes to be sent as heretofore,

The editor congratulates the club on its members, its steady growth and its past achievements. It has accomplished much and, in the New Year, the editor asks that its watchwords may be: ONWARD AND UPWARD!

#### SILAS MARNER.

CHAPTER VIII.

I. There was a pauper's burial that week in Raveloe and up at Kench yard at Batherly it was known that the dark-haired woman with the fair child, who had lately come to lodge there, was gone away again. That was all the express note taken that Moily had disappeared from the eyes of men. Silas Marner's determination to keep the "tramp's" child was matter of hardly less surprise in the village than the robbery of his money. was matter of hardly less surprise in the village than the robbery of his money. J'Notable mothers, and among them Dolly Winthrop, were occupied in telling Slias what he had better do. Slishad shown her the half guinea given him by Godfrey and had asked her what he should do about getting some clothes for the child.

for the children marner, said the first said the fi

"there's no call to buy "there's no call to buy air of shoes; for I've got the little pettlecoats Aaron wore five years ago, and its ill spending the money on them babyclothes, for the child 'ull grow like the grass i' May, bless it—that it will."

fil, And the same day Dolly brought her bundle and displayed to Marner, one by one, the tiny garments in their due order of succession, most of them patched and darned, but clean and neat as fresh-sprung herbs. This was the introduction to a great ceremony with song and water, from which Haby came out in new beauty.

Anybody us think the anglis in couldn't be prettier," said Dolly of the golden ouris and kissing them, k you're in the right on it to keep little 'un, Master Marner, You'll

I think you're in the list. Marner. You'll the little un. Master Marner. You'll y'happen' be a bit 3 "moithered" with it while it's so little, but I'll come and welcome, and see to it for you."

Y. "Thank you, kindly." said Sllas. "but I want to do things for it myself, else it may get fond o' somebody else, and not fond o' me. I've been used to 4 fending for myself in the house—I can learn. I can learn."

VI. "Go then," said Dolly, with a we-man's tender tact to the baby. "Go.

learn. I can icarn.

VI. "Go then," said Dolly, with a woman's tender tact to the baby, "Go, then—take her, Master Marner; you can put the things on, and then you can say as you've done for her from the first of her coming to you." Marner took her on his lap, and took the garments from Dolly, and put them on under her teaching, interrupted, of course, by Baby's gymnastics. Then, when she was quite dressed, Dolly took up the thread of heb "admonitory" discourse again.

VII. "It's my belief," she said, "as the poor little creature has never been christened and if you say so, I'll ask Mr. Macey to speak to the parson about it; and you must have a name for it, because it must have a name for it, because it must have a name giv it when it's christened.

VIII. "My mother's name was Hepzi-

and you must have a name giv it when it's christened.

VIII. "My mother's name was Hepzibah," sald Silas, "and my little sister was named after her."

IX. "But it was awk'ard calling your little sister by such a hard name, wasn't it, Master Marner?" sald Dolly.

X. "We called her Epple," answered Marner. And so it came about that baby was chirstened Epple, and that Silas, making himself as clean and tidy as he could, appeared for the first time within flavelee Church and shared in the observances held sacred by his neighbors.

XI. And when the sunshine grew strong and the buttercups were thick in the meadows. Silas might be seen strolling out with uncovered head to carry Epple beyond the stone pits, to where the flowers grew, till they reached sonie favorite bank, where he could sit down, white Epple 6 "toddled" to pluck the flowers, calling "dad-dad's" attention continually by bringing him the blossoms. Then, notwithstanding the difficulty of carrying her and his yarn or liner at the same time, Silas took her with him in most of his journeys to the farm houses, and little curly-headed Epple, the weaver's child, became an object of interest to several 7. "outlying" homesteads, as well as in the village. Hitherto he had been treated very much as if he had been a useful 8 "gnome" or 9 "brownie," but now he must sit a little grain when Epple was near him. There was love between him and the child that lo "dilent" them into one, and there was love between the child and the world—



By LOUISE KENNEDY.

from men and women to the red 11 "lady birds" and the round pebbles. XII. Slins's disposition to hoard money had been utterly crushed by the loss of his long-stored coins. And now, something had come to replace his 12 "hoard," which gave a growing purpose to his earnings, drawing his hope and joy continually onward, beyond the money.

Answers to Chapter VII.

Answers to Chapter 2. Lantern yard. 3. Fifteen years. 4. He was a weaver. 5. The loss of all his other incrests in life and his betrayal by his friends. 5. Under a stone in his floor, 7. friends. 6. Under a stone in his floor, 7. Dunstan Cass. 8. The son of 'Squire Cass, of Red House, and Dunstan's brother. 9. Because she was a drunkurd and an opium eater, 10. Because he had kept his marriage secret and feared the disgrace of exposure. 11. On the eve of New Year, 12. Because he was good and kind by nature, and because he had lost is that he cared for in the loss of his gold.

Questions on Chapter VIII.

1. What kind as "notable mothers"? par. I. 2. What is the meaning of "hapin par. IV? 3. The meat "Motthered" in the same paragraph a. Explain the use of the word "fending" in par. V7.5. What is the force of "admonitory" in par. VI? 6. Define the word "toddled" in par. XI. 7. What is the meaning of "outlying" in par. XI. 8. The meaning of "gnome"? 2. The meaning of "brownles" all in the same paragraph? 10. The meaning of "blent"? also in par. XI. 11. What kind of birds are the "lady-birds" mentioned in this paragraph? 12. Define the word "hoard" as used in par.

About three years ago a gentleman gave me a little motherless lamb. She was very thin and could hardly stand up. I taught her to drink milk from a pan sweet at first and then buttermilk. She would skip with delight at the sound of the churn, and soon grew fat and strong. When my lamb, which I named Daley, came to me I had a little black dog, mamed Tlp. Very soon Dalsy and Tlp became fast triends, and were sliways together. One day Dalsy and Tlp ran away. Papa and I looked and looked for them, but could not find them anywhere. They were gone three days, and we decided that they had been stolen, and gave them up for lost. The evening of the chird day, we were eating supper. We heard something say Baa! Baa! and then we heired a sharp little bank. I went to the door and there stood the stranger runnaway couple, Tlp wagging his tally runnaway couple, Tlp wagging his tally

# CHRISTMAS

Listen, listen, said an old lady to her-self. How many voices are crying, "Mer-ry Christmas" all over the poor house, She was thinking how lonely this Christmas would be to her. As her thoughts ran over her said story the big tears ran down her rigid cheeks. A

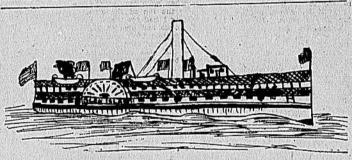
merry voices and thought how sad you must be, this being your first Christmas spent at the poor house.

How well I remember the first Christmas I spent here. My little brother spent it with me. He was three years old and how his poor little heart did quiver when he areas Christmas morning and saw nothing in his stocking."

"But, dear grandmother, how far I have gone. I should have let you tell your story first, but when I first saw you

I felt as if I knew you and must tell you my story.
"No, no, my child;" said grandmother, "continue your sad story and after it is finished I will tell you mine, this is the way sad hearts spend their Christmas."
"As you persist, I will continue. My father and mother were taken from me loader three years ago and my brother. known thief and this was the only home

"Now, tell me your story, and why your one of the occupants of Sharks' Toot!



Drawn by Julian Baber.

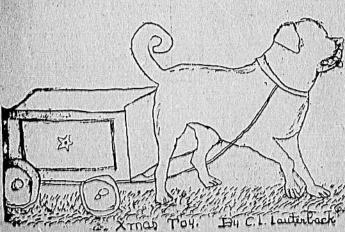
Waverly, Va.

EFFIE'S TRIP TO THE MOON

and barking as if to say I have brought her home. They had been several miles from home, and two of our neighbors had fed them and caught Tip and tried to drive him home, but he wouldn't leave his little playmate. Dalsy would go hare hunting with dogs, and has been four miles from home with our dogs. Tip and Bruno. I still have Dalsy, a large, well grown sheep. She is like a goat. I ride her all around, and sho pulls a wagon nicely. I always put a bit in her mouth. I have given Tip away. I hope Santa Clause will bring me a wagon strong enough for Dalsy to draw, so that I can haul wood. During the summer I hauled wittermelons from the patch with Dalsy. She was very fond of them. One day I lot her eat as many as she could. I think she ato about a dozen; she has never liked watermelons since. I close my story, which is all true.

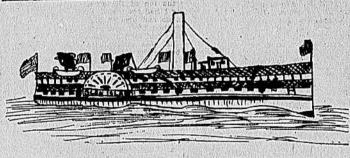
GEORGE T. ABRAHAMS.

Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.
III,
Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden,
Like the Heaven above.
—Selected by Maud N. Brown.



My oldest brother was kidnapped when

"My husband and son left me four years ago for New York to buy goods (for they were merchants); for three long days the steamer glided smoothly over the waters of the Pacific, but on the fourth day a cloud arose and a floree storm day a cloud arose and a herce stora raged, on the fourth night the vessel sank, my husband and dear son were swallowed up by the hungry waves." Here dear old grandmother gave away, but soon recovered, and continued her



THE BURNED GLEN ISLAND,

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes, Humble though they be

"Oh, I'm the 'man in the meen.' I heard your wish, and came down especially to take you to visit my distant



structure.

"Come in, my dear," he said, "and let me show you the castle in which dwel's the "man in the moon. I want you, though, to first visit the garden; now run along and amuse yourself as best you can, while I go and take a few minutes' rest."

Be saying, he departed, leaving Effie



ESTELLE FITCHETTE. Waverly, Va.

LOUISE MILES'S BIRTHDAY It was a week before foulse's birthday, She was happy because her mother had promised her a birthday party. The

promised her a birthday party. The days went by quickly.

One morning as Louise was coming down to the breakfast table her mother said to her: "To-day is your birthday! I wish you a happy day."

Her mother was busy baking cakes for the party, and Louise beat the eggs for her. She was still helping her mother



By Arthur Daniel, Manchester, Va.

Look at that big doll," Louise sa

"Oh, ish't she beautiful," said Louise.
When they got home Louise ran into
the house and said:
"Oh; mother; look at my doll; Cousin
Frank got her for me."
Louise found a little box at her plate
at disner. She opened it and found a
little gold ring that her mother and father
gave her.
The door bell began to ring. Louire
met her little guests in the hall. They

The door bell began to ring. Louire met her little guests in the hall. They played many games and afterwards they went into the dining room. In the middle of the table was a big birthday cake with seven candles around it. They had many good things—cake, lee cream, bananas, oranges, candy and nuts. The little girls went home at 8 o'clock, all but Elsie Miles, Louise's little cousin. She spent the night with Louise. They played dolls and had a good time.

HELEN BULLARD, HELEN BULLARD, Radford, Vi

## THE BABES IN THE WOOD

My dear, do you know,
That a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away
On a summer's day,
And loft in the woods,
As people say?

The moon gave no light,
They sobbed and they sighed,
And much they cried,
And, poor little things!

if they had not a friend in the world.

When they retired that night they felt as if they could well join in with the chors of voices which sounded through the house the words "Merry Christmas."

ELSIE MAY WEST. And when they were dead, Brought strawberry leaves And over them spread; "Oh, how I wish I could go to the moon," sighed little EMie, looking tonsingly at the bright, heautiful moon, as she peoped out from her cozy little nest in a cozy little bed. "I should like to know what it is made of, and if there yearly is a man in the moon," when all at once she felt as if someone was pulling her up, up, "Oh!" she cried, "what is happening to me?"
"Never fear, little one, I am going to take you to see the moon," said a voice in her car.
"Who are you?" questioned Effie, "and are you really going to take me to the moon? I have just been wishing I could go."

They lay down and died

And over them spread,
And all day long,
They sang this song:
"Poor babes in the woods!" By LUCILE BELL.

THE POOR OLD WOMAN.

The snow was failing quickly and had already gotten real thick, when all the little boys had come out with their sleighs and were running up and down in glee. A poor old woman was going along the street begins. When she foll down in the snow, pool of woman, not one of the boys helped time, until some poor man came aging and pleked her up and carried her nome with him. His wife and children with them. She was real kind to his nittle grip and she was real kind to his and rice candy for the boys. She was always cared for by this old man and his good wife. But she never forgot how good he was to plok her up out the snow when she had no where to go.

MORRIS BARRET.



Designed by M. S. Dimmock

Christmas of Tom and Gethesia

CHAPTER I.

Gethesia Lindsay sat by her garret window looking thoughtfully. down the crowded street, but there was a sad look on her face; a look that is not worn by most of us on a Joyous Christmas Jöve, Gethesia has had treuble, serious trouble, and the compound of the chantment,

She continued to walk around, lost in admiration at the richness and beauty of all about her; great trees from which were hanging golden fruit and silvery leaves; fountains, with every sparkling bubble bringing to light rich jewels of every hue. At last she came to what appeared to be a bottomiess pit, and on the other side frew the loveliest tree she had yet seen. From this tree hung a graceful spray of brilliant flowers reaching almost across the abyes.

Forgetting herself, she leaned over cagerly to grasp the giltering treasure. She missed her footing and fell down, down, and landed with a bump, which awakened her from this dream of enchantment, to the realities of life. Not in the moon at all was she, but lying in her little white bed with the sun's beams peeping slyly over her pilhow, as his dazgling orb slowly climbed the blue-topped hills.

ESTELLE FITCHETTE. Waverly, Va.

LOUISE MILES'S BIRTHDAY

CHAPTER I.

Gethesia Lindsay sat by her garret windew looking thoughtfully, down the crowded street, but there was a sad look on her face; but they months ago was her dear heart-broken mother lad to reak in the entry of the dead, and only a short time before was her faller wrecked on his ship and lost in the deep. The comfortable heart-broken mother lad to reak in the eart-broken mother lad to reak in the city of the dead, and only a short time before was her faller wrecked on his ship and lost in the deep. The comfortable heart-broken mother lad to reak in the eart-broken mother lad to reak in the eart before was her faller wrecked on his ship and lost in the deep. The comfortable heart-broken mother lad to reak in the eart before and wretched tenement, and her little broken the fall on the fall of the fall of the fall of the ship CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile in another part of the city a boy with big blue eyes peeping shyly through his long golden curis (so like Gethesia's own), questioned. "Matches?" to all the passersby. As none could resist the winning little lnd, by twilight he had sold quite a number at a penny a box. Delighted at his good fortune he turned his steps homeward, but it was red in a carriage nearby. CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

By morning little Tom was wide-awake, but very sick indeed. His first words were, "Where am 1?" "Where is Gothesia?" His kind aunt then told him all that had happened to himself. How he had been run over by the horses, and how she had dentified him and brought him home. A doctor had been summoned, who, after careful examination, had said: "No bones are broken, and he will be well in a few days."

"By the way, it is Christmas morning, and here is your stocking chocked from top to toe. It was kind of Saint Nick to find you here so early." said the aunt, handing him the stockirg expecting to see delight written on his very face. But she was mistaken.

Ho took it, thanking her sweetly and then said, "I can not open my stocking until I have my sister to slare it." So the aunt enquired his address and immediately sent a carriage for her nicce, who had not siept throughout the night for fear,

Soon Gethesia arrived at her ner Soon Gethesia arrived at her hew home, and was so delighted at seeing her brother safe, and at finding someone who would care for them, she broke down completely, and wept for pure joy. And I heard her tell her aunt, "This is the happlest Christmas I have eyer known, and its all because you are so good."

#### A FIRE IN AN ATTIC.

house in Rome. One night when the Next morning after the mother had given until 6 o'clock; the baby had to stay alone when she was out. When the mother went out the baby was on the bed. The mice got hold of the match. work was on fire. The baby knew what it was, for she was two years old; she screamed and fell down when she was

getting off the bed.
The family down stairs came up-stairs The family down stairs came up-stairs to see what was the matter. When some of them saw the fire they ran away, but one of them took the baby down stairs. When the mother came home she was frightened, for she didn't see her buby. She saw the place blazing; she ran down stairs; the place was all blazing. She went out and was astonished to see her own haby with the other family. She thanked them and went down the street.

ETHEL A. WHITTEY.

ETHEL A. WHITTET.

CLYTIE.

Clytle was a little water falry. She

Clytic was a little water fairy. She lived at the bottom of the sea in a cave. Here cave was laced with pretty pink shells. In her garden she, had star-fish and coral. Here carriage was a large shell and here horses were gold-fish and turties. The fairles brought her a pretty green dress.

One day, she went to ride in her shell. The water was warm and Clytic foll fast asleep. When the shell bumped against a rock she woke up. Bhe had never seen land before. Clytic sat on the rock muny days watching the golden king, the sun. By and by she turned into a sanflower. Now she is always looking at the sun.

By RUTH BELL.

Cobham, Va.

#### CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no mouning of the bar
When I put out to sea.
But such a tide as moving seems asleep.
Too full for sound and foam.
When that which drew from out the
houndless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sudness of farewell
When I embark!
For the' from out our bourne of Time
and place
The flood may bear me far,
I kepe to see my pllot face to face
When I have crost the bar,
When I have crost the bar,
Selected by EDFITH ELMORE;
Too N, First St., city.

PRIZE WINNERS

VISIT OF SANTA CLAUS.

By COLTON WILLIAMS.

THE QUARREL. The hen and the duck had a quarrel The duck said: "The hen was to be

So they called the cat in, and asked her to decide which had the brightest eyes,

the prettiest bill, the softest feathers and straightest quill. "Indeed," said Puss, "this is a hard task for me, when no truce of good looks on either I see; but if you will allow me

So we shuddered there in stience, For the stoutest held his breath, While the hungry sea was rearing, And the breakers talked with Death,

As thus we sat in darkness, Each one busy with his prayers, "We're lost!" the captain shouted, As he staggered down the stairs,

But his little daughter whispered, As she took his ley hand: 'isn't God upon the cosun, Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little mulden,
And we spoke in batter cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor,
When the mere was shings clear,
Selected by AMANDA CORDES,
1101 Grove Avenue, Richmond, Va.

be blamed."

THE COUNTRY

SANTA'S VISIT TO

FOR LAST WEEK. the best story. Miss Annie May Fitz, No. 153 High

Street, Petersburg. Miss Emma Hopkins, Barton Heights, Va

CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBU-Abrahams, G., T. Johnson, John Abrahams, G. T.
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Gutler, J.skie
Barret, Morris
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Babet, Julian T.
Breeden, Byrd H.
Burton, Flora
Crowell, Sarah
Covington, Walter

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Reid, Maggie

A GLOOMY

### CHRISTMAS EVE

They nearly went wild with joy over their nice presents, and rushed into the house, making such a noise that their parents had to stop up their ears.

The dinner bell soon rang, and they went into the dining room, where they saw a table covered with turkey, cranteries, candles and other good things. Abert and Sue ate until they thought they couldn't eat another thing. After dinner some friends came over and they spent the evening playing games. That night two tired but happy children went to sleep in their little beds. A week after Albert went back to school and the vacation was over. pleted his task, though too late to do sill sood, as he thought. They both went bed with light hearts, thin-ling they had one what they could. The next mornitive grosse early. They had forsoite their troubles of the night hefore and lot ed in time happiness of their children, wh still had confidence in their Sania Clark and their "Gloomy Christmas Eve! wa followed by "A Happy Xmas DAY," was LUGILIS MEREDITH NORRIS. Wayerly, Va.

#### THE STORY OF A MISSIONARY WOMAN

THE QUARREL.

This a food, I think I shall find you both equally good."

ANNIE MAY FITTZ.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

We were crowded in the cabe, Not, a soul would dure to sleep!
It was midnight on the waters, And a storm was on the deep.

This a fearful thing in winter.

To be shattered by the blast, And to hear the rattling trumpet.

Thunder: "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence, For the stoutest field his breath, While the hungry sea was roarling.

So we shuddered there in silence, For the stoutest field his breath, While the hungry sea was roarling.

ANNA MAY FITZ.

ANNA MAY FITZ.

## A TRUE STORY.

One Christmas morning as a family was sitting down to the tuble eating was sitting down to the table eating breakfst some one knocked at the dor, and when the door was opened there stood a poor man who asked for something to eat. So they gave the man a place at the table and he are a hearty breakfast.

After he had finished he came to thank the gentleman, but the gentleman said. "Do not thank me, but thank the Babe of Bethlehem, who was born this morning."

By JOHN JOHNSON,



ENJOYING SLEDDING